4/27/71

Dear Gary (cc Mary only),

Partly to get more off my chest, partly to inform you a bit further, I add a few minor details to the memo I sent a few others also enclosed and written earlier today. After writing it I went outside to transplant a fewtrees, hoping the work would discharge some of what I felt, but it didn't. It merely triggered the telemetry of aging, or which I am daily more aware, and I think a fair amount cannot be psychosomatic. I suppose I'm more aware of it in part because the onset has been so sudden-I just didn't age when I was supposed to be aging.

I want to be more specific with both of you, and if you thik it can serve a useful purpose(and for no other reason), and. First, and I ought not have to spell this out to Mary unless Bud is also keeping secrets from his board, and with special concern ~~with~~ for the added recent attentions I have been getting, let me give you a clue as to what is involved. Remember when you and Hal were both here? I asked you to check certain files in GAI to look especially for certain kinds of information I had laready located in different form in those having to do with housekeeping? You got for me exactly what I had been seeking. That was one aspect, one gap filled. What is now involved is another of these, I think I had it and showed it to you before you went. But if I didn't, I sent you copies. It had to do with destruction, by whom, where and what.

The other area of concern is the kick in the teeth this stupid approach can mean to Boggs if he is dumb enough to use it, even a substantial part of it, as presented. I am so angry I might even be capable of telling Justice how to do it. We simply cannot survive this kind of self-seeking, this unimaginable dishonesty. this abuse of trust that has characterized all those who seek for themselves. If you ponder it a moment, this could serve certain subtle purposes. That, however, might well be one of the things that might discourage me, plus as it would be, plus from what might otherwise be a complete minus. If there is anyone there who knows his stuff, and of this I am by no means certain, some of what was given Boggs could ruin him. I could, in a very short while, were he to use it. However, aside from what is of serious person concern, my immediate worry is to prevent the stupid wasting of a fine opportunity or more, its kicking back, when it need not.

At this point I got interrupted by the phone.

Bud, in his way, is getting as sick as Garrison and his mind is playing the same kinds of tricks, hidden, I presume, from those he knows might not take kindly to them. He has talked himself into all kinds of silliness, like I have secret means and merely pretend to have none. He actually argues this with people. This is not a pointless are superficially it might seem, for he has done a few dirty financial things to me, going back to 1968. Yet a the same time, he can be generous (usually, but not always, where there can be benefit to him, which is why I let him entirely alone when I should not have on the spectro suit). He and some of the others on the committee (not Jim but Bob included) tell each other that I am some kind of octopsu, trying to claim credit for everything, as though it is some kind of reprehensible thing that I brought so much to light. They pretend it didn't happen, even in their computer-feeding. And this, too, is not as childish as it may seem, for with all his resources, all his wealth and connections, the fact remains that Bud has really come up with nothing and has messed up what he has taken from others. Pretty much is this true of Bob, alas, whose ransacking of the Archives has yielded so little I recall Bud's bragging one do, in almost these exact words, "Well, Happy Harold, we have something you don't hvae". Inference, at long last. I asked what, and he said"Exhibit 710". I reminded him I'd had it for years, and if he'd read COUP when I'd loaned it to him, he have known it. He was unhappy. In fairness, however, I must admit that unlike me turning Bud loose in my files and giving him copies of almost everything I send and of everything for which he asks, they give me nothing. When I asked Smith to get me a copy of Archives regulations, he wouldn't even do

that. This is a carefully-hidden side. When I learned fro PH that Arch was getting all the new CDs (and Gary knows I was trying to promote financing of them) and I saw that we were being fed (meaning PH and I were) what should never have been eclassified while, clearly, Ferrie stuff had to have been above what was "autmoatically" sent me, I got together with Bud and Bob, we worked out a cooperative arrangements, and with the lists so meaningless, Bud agreed that ob would make an immediate inventory of what was declassified so that, as had happened in the past, the could not be rec lassified, Bob was supposed to but didn't. Jim did. I've been interrupted again, and today that is a good idea. What I'm really saying is that this kind of pettiness and jealousy, this kind of selfishness, cannot be tolerated, cannot be justified in people who pretend such lofty motives, and I've taken so much of this kind of thing, each time I ask myself if I can consider that with my silence I have any self-respect left.

I amy cool off. I may change my mind as I have in the past. But as of now, this is the last. This will be rectified or I'll put the fact in the fire. The real problem is that some of the fat (Anderson) may not be retrievable.

There are other things you may or may not recall, but each of you knows some. Having taken them makes me fee unmanly. I'm just sick and tired of being the raped woman who is charged with being an attractive nusiance. At some point it has to stop. I'm of a mind to make this that point. We'll see. But if something does happen, and I'll do what I can to avoid it, you'll know how I feel, at least in part, and in part what liesk behind it. It is bad enough to have to live as I do, but when inaddition to being robbed, of both ideas a and material, I have to remain quiet about all the behind-the-back dirty owrk, all the nastiness that in some degree comes back to me (making me wonder how much doesn't), and all of this comes at a time I'm having serious problems with a publisher who is both a crook and an incompetent, and to top it all off it jeopardizes the first real chance I've had in years, and that by stealing from me, I'd best consider this the end of that rope. Regardless of whether or not I can forestall the imminent disaster. And I'm just going to have to try preventing all the egos, all the nuts from ruining us. I guess it is impossible anyway. This time I'm uptighter than usual because I first saw the possibilities, made the first step, than had this done behind my back, and with largely my material, and because of the publishing possibility. But each time I am fireman I weary that much more, spend time I ought be spending otherwise, abuse my nerves and my emotions, and there has to be an end at some point.

God! if the few of us who are sincere, do not seek selfishly for fame or whatever it is these strange ones want, if we had no friends, only enemies, how much more we could do!

In dismay and disgust,